

398

Bushels

Per

Acre

For

Seven

Consecutive

Years

ON
THE

STOCKBRIDGE POTATO MANURE EXCLUSIVELY

The photograph shows a sample half-dozen potatoes taken from the 1893 crop, raised by Mr. C. W. Stone, Andover, N.H., on Stockbridge Potato Manure exclusively.

The interesting part of the story is that they were raised on land that had been planted to potatoes on Stockbridge Special Potato Manure exclusively, for seven consecutive years, no other fertilizer or manure having been used; and the yield for the seven years averages 398 bushels per acre per year, thus proving true what we have always claimed,—that, while stable manure has not been excelled for many crops, the Stockbridge is the best substitute for it in growing potatoes.

The Stockbridge Manures are the original and strongest Special Manures made, and one ton will go twice as far as many other kinds that sell for almost the same money.

Send to-day for our handsomely illustrated Catalogue of Fertilizers, which will be mailed free of charge to any farmer's address.

Bowker Fertilizer Company,

43 Chatham Street, Boston.

27 Beaver Street, New York.

Woman's Department.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

To Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Philbrick.

These twenty years, through the sunlight,
Up over the hills of life,
You have been walking hand in hand,
Together, as man and wife.

Ever and anon a shadow
Has chilled and darkened your path;
For happiness gleaming, you gathered,
On the brightest of days.

But what are the toil and sorrow
Of twenty years, or of more?
How light were the disappointments
And griefs that the dark days bore!

How, like the blessed sunshine,
Broke out of the clouds away,
Then what were the woes and trials
Of ever and anon a day?

Only a morsel of lifetime,
Only a drop of its tears,
Left a title of its wisdom,
Through checkers of twenty years.

For the heart and soul comes knowledge
Through the life's wealth which we stoop;
And griefs that the dark days bore!
Into wisdom's strongholds troop.

The game of life, in the winning,
And the rough and high arenas
Which were the disappointments
And griefs that the dark days bore!

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Are old friends, trusty and true;
And friends as worthy and loyal
You've happily found in the new.

Life, useful and hopeful, before you
Gives promise of many years;
No horoscope of your fortune
It needs, nor the mouths of seers.

And if mighty are toil and trouble,
And less are pleasure and mirth,
The game of life, in the winning,
Win God—and what more worth?

Adieu.
HELEN MARR HURD.

WHAT HE HAD LEARNED.

Mr. Editor: When my husband re-

turned from the State Dairy Meeting at

Foxcroft, I asked him what he had

learned to pay for so long a journey, and

four days' absence from home.

"I have learned that I can't afford to

be without a Babcock tester," he an-

swered, first.

Well, that took my breath away, be-

cause I had never seen one, and really

know scarcely anything about them,

thinking they were some high priced

machines only used in butter factories,

State Colleges, etc., where there were a

large number of cows. I don't know

but what I ought to be ashamed to own

such ignorance, but we busy mothers

cannot always attend Grange meetings

and farmers' institutes, nor even read as

much as we would like. And I believe

you would find upon inquiry that the

majority of farmers' wives in this State

know as little about the Babcock tester

as I did two months ago. And not only

the wives, but many of the farmers,

too.

I was glad to see the article in the

Farmer upon the "Variations in Butter

Fat from Day to Day." We have tested

our cows several times, and found con-

siderable variation, and although my

husband told me it was always so, yet I

feared perhaps we might not have been

quite accurate enough in our working of

the tester.

It seems to me that one test is of no

use whatever there are so many other

things to be considered. But with a

number of tests, covering several weeks'

time, I believe it is a grand thing. We

have already discovered that the cow

which we considered our best is one of

the poorest in butter fat. But on the

whole the tests are very satisfactory, and

I too, have come to believe "We can't

afford to be without a Babcock tester."

I believe one reason why so many

farmers are poor, is because they think

they can't afford to spend time to attend

Farmers' Institutes, Grange meetings,

and the like. It is at these very places

where they will learn what is worth far

more to them than that time spent in

work. They think it is only their well-

to-do neighbor who can afford to attend,

not knowing that the knowledge gained

at such places is what largely helps to

make him well to do.

One fine thing about the Babcock

tester is that it is easy and interesting work,

so that the farmer's wife can attend to it.

In the table of variations in the Farmer,

we notice that in order to find the num-

ber of pounds of butter, the number of

pounds of milk is multiplied by the

percentage of butter fat, and divided by

100.

We were told to divide by 85%, as 15%

of the milk is foreign substance. Will

you please explain which is correct?

Buckfield. Mrs. V. P. DeCOSTER.

"MY NAME IN PRAYER."

Once, says a writer, I suddenly opened

the door of my mother's room and saw

her on her knees beside her chair and

heard her speak my name in prayer. I

quickly and quietly withdrew with a feel-

ing of awe and reverence in my heart.

Soon went away to school, then to col-

lege, then into life's sterner duties. But

I never forgot that one glimpse of my

mother at prayer, nor the one word—my

own name—which I heard her utter.
Well, did I know that what I had seen
that day was but a glimpse of what was
going on every day in that sacred closet
of prayer, and the consciousness
strengthened me a thousand times in
duty, in danger and in struggle. When
death came at last and sealed those lips,
the sorest sense of loss I felt was the
knowledge that no more would my
mother be praying for me.

IN HER OWN SPHERE.

There is so much for a womanly

woman to do in her own sphere, she

should have no time for business life.

One will tell me home life is monotonous.

It should not be. Another that father

cannot support so many of us and dress

us nicely. If it be a matter of dress, let

it be plain. If it be need, if father

must have help outside of what you can

do at home, then by all means bravely

put your shoulder to the wheel, and

serve him whenever and wherever you

can; but so long as he can keep you out

of business, for his manhood's sake and

pride of character, do not shame him by

going out to earn the bread he so gladly

supplies. It is a recognized fact no true

woman will ever by word or deed lower

her standard of refinement, however

much she may mix; but for all that, I

think every mother bitterly regrets the

hour when her tenderly reared daughter

must go out into the business world of

men. There are so many avenues open

for women to earn money strictly their

own, or so nearly so as to remove all

these objections, that it seems a great

pity, this influx of women into business,

out of home. School teaching is perhaps

the most feasible as well as the most en-

nobling work for woman, for there she

is doing a grand work, not mentally only,

but morally. There she is herself in

training for greater scope, clearer vision,

broad living. While she leads, she fol-

lows, for your little ones are great teach-

ers. Every girl should prepare herself

for self support, and there is no easier

preparation than the school room. You

may not be obliged to support yourself;

I hope you won't; and yet you are moral-

ly bound to make yourself fit to earn a

living, and your parents are morally

bound to see that you do it.

NAMING THE BABY.

The custom of using a family or sur-

name as a first or Christian name is one

of the newer fashions in naming the

baby, and one which is to be greatly

commended, writes Mrs. Hamilton Mott

in a valuable article in the March Ladies'

Home Journal. The value of such a use

should be especially considered by

parents in their selection of a name for

the baby. Immediate family recognition

is one of the first results of such a name.

When the family names are famous

their selection is even more appropriate,

as they carry on to further generations

the names which have made the world

greater. When they are reminders sim-

ply of the good, if not of the great men

of an older day, they ennoble their pos-

session with past honor and present

resolve. Almost any boy will have a

stronger incentive for living a manly and

noble life if he feels that the name

which he wears was borne by one whom

all men loved to honor. And any girl

will surely be more womanly and con-

scientious if she feels that her name is a

synonym for honor and nobility.

If you decide to take Hood's Sarsa-

parilla do not be induced to buy any sub-

stitute article. Take Hood's and only

Hood's.

Prompt relief in sick headache, dis-

ease, nausea, constipation, pain in the

side, guaranteed to those using Carter's

Little Liver Pills. One a dose. Small

price. Small box. Small pill.

HAD THE VINEGAR HABIT.

"I once had a patient," said a Roch-

ester (N. Y.) physician to a St. Louis

reporter, "who poisoned herself with

vinegar."

"I was never a burning and shining

light in the medical profession, and

hence it is not surprising that the case

bailed my investigation for a year,

though I have the consolation of

knowing that four eminent physicians

who were called in for consultation at-

tributed the lady's evident breaking

up to four different causes, none of

